

ANIMAL CHILDREN

THE FRIENDS OF THE
FOREST AND THE PLAIN.



EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS
M.T.ROSS

Kids Animal Pals Volume 2
This is a children's zoological work
Based on the public domain book
"Animal Children - The Friends of the Forest and the Plain"
By Edith Brown Kirkwood
With illustrations by
M. T. Ross

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**When young Mrs. Kangaroo goes for a hop,
To call or to market or, perhaps, out to shop,
She has no nice carriage where baby can ride,
So he creeps in a pocket that hangs at her side.**



**He does not care when the sleet comes down, or the chilly
wind blows strong,
For he wears a hat that is made of horn and a fur coat,
warm and long.
He never gets frostbitten toes 'though in snow and ice he
plays;
Now being a Muskox can't be bad in the long, cold winter
days!**



**"The very best I have, sir, fine and a whole yard wide,
It wears, and has no bother of a right and wrong side;
I'm sure she'd like a dress of it—it will not spot or pull."
Then Miss Alpaca added: "I know—it's my own wool."**



**This dear little Sheep has lost Bo-Peep,
She wandered away as he lay asleep,
He has found her bonnet and shepherd's crook,
But for little Bo-Peep in vain does he look.**



**Young Miss Rhinoceros gave a beach party;
She greeted her friends with a welcome most hearty.
They laughed and they joked and they swam in the sea,
And the party was gay, as a party should be.**



**She comes from Spain, this proud, proud Dame,
Mistress Merino is her name.
Her wool weaves into dress goods rare,
Her skin makes gloves the ladies wear.**



**Merry guinea pigs one day
Went out in the fields to play.
Daisy smiled and wished that they
Would never, never go away.**



**Here is a Sister Piggy and a Brother Piggy, too,
The story they are telling here would not apply to you,
For selfish little sisters who make their brothers cry
Do not belong in houses but with piggies in the sty.**



Now here's a little lady who seems a wee bit shy,
Or is it that a teardrop is trembling in her eye?
Well, I am sure that you or I would make an awful fuss
If we should have to have her name—"Miss
Hippopotamus."



**In animal land, as everywhere, there lives a Mr. Boar
Who never is contented unless he holds the floor;
His fellows all may frown at him but he cannot refrain
From pushing into everything—he's so selfish and so vain.**



**Mother and father and little Miss Bear
Went out for a walk and a bit of fresh air,
Not through the dark woods (the old tale to repeat)
But in their best clothes, right down the front street.**



**When little Miss Polar Bear goes out to skate,
She never is bothered by having to wait
Until mother wraps her all snugly in fur,
For those are the clothes that she carries with her!**



**Just look about and see if you
Can find a friend who's quite as true
As this old Doggie that you see
A-smiling here at you and me.**



**I'm just a little Puppy and good as good can be,
And why they call me naughty, I'm sure I cannot see,
I've only carried off one shoe and torn the baby's hat
And chased the ducks and spilled the milk—there's nothing
bad in that!**



The mandrill looks so very queer
I'm glad he lives way off from here;
He's purple, blue, red, black and brown,
I'm sure he is the jungle clown.



**The baby gorilla, of the family called Ape,
Is very like you in size and in shape,
But he lives in the jungle with black hair for clothes
And he gets very naughty the older he grows.**



**This cute little brother and sister you see
Seated cosily high on the limb of a tree
Are the Marmoset twins, whose appealing round eyes
Look from flower-like faces in wond'ring surprise.**



"I've climbed up here to smile at you and, oh, what do you think?

**I've scattered master's papers and upset all of his ink,
But then if little Monkeys always were so very good
They'd not be little monkeys who just can't act as they
should."**



**He is so very lazy that he is even loath
To walk upon his own feet—this funny boy named Sloth.
He swings upon the branches from morning until night,
And eats the leaves about him with laziest delight.**



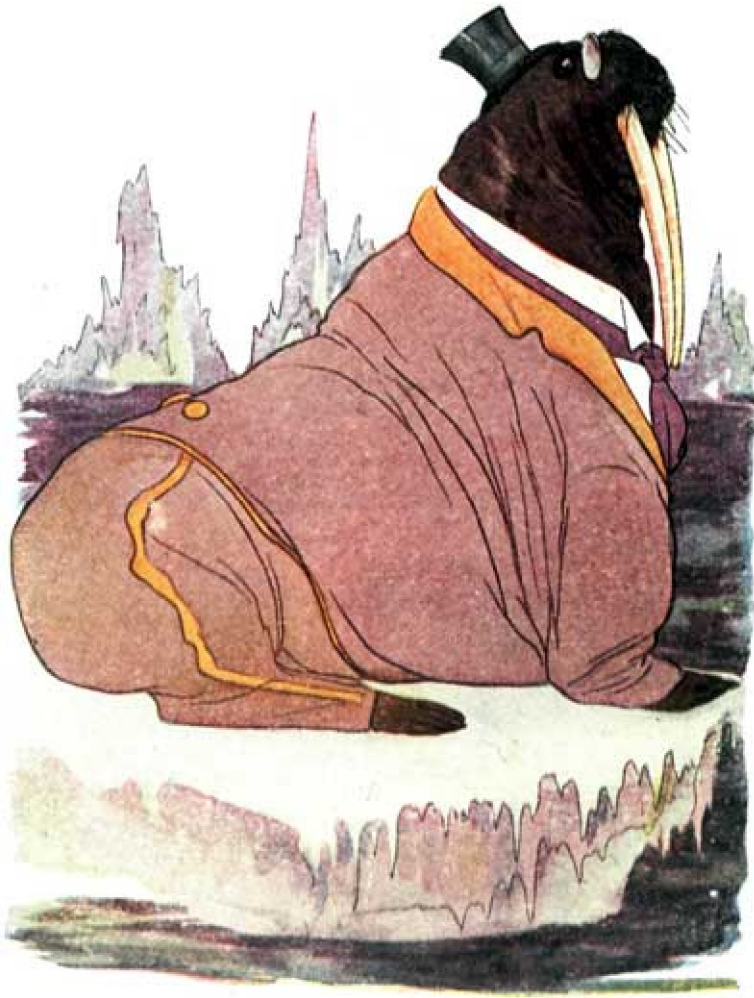
**He works on tunnels night and day,
This Marmot boy from far away.
When winter comes then in he creeps,
And there until the spring he sleeps.**



The woodchuck resides in a hole in the ground,
He is surly and cross, and he never is found
Out in the bright sunlight unless it's to see
If he can't make more winter for you and for me.



**This naughty boy just eats and eats until he is a sight,
He eats until he cannot hold another tiny bite.
Of course, he's just an animal—they call him Wolverine—
But does he make you think of boys that you have ever
seen?**



**Old Mr. Walrus climbs out of the deep
For a breath of air and an hour of sleep.
You will note that he isn't much on looks
But his skin we make into pocket-books.**



**He sits on the top of a gay wooden stand,
He stands on his head or he shakes your hand,
He dances a jig or he trumps a chant—
This jolly old circus Elephant.**



**Naughty, naughty Squirrel baby, just as mother has you
dressed
In your ribbons and your laces and your go-to-meeting
best,
Then to run and grab an apple and get yourself all mussed!
Are you not afraid that mother will be very, very fussed?**



To market, to market, with baskets of eggs,
Jack Rabbit goes hurrying on his long legs;
He'll buy him some colors—red, green, yellow, blue,
And when Easter comes 'round you know what he'll do.



**Chipmunk is a jolly lad,
Always friendly—never sad,
Shares with friends his wheat grains yellow,
He's a genuine good fellow.**



**The coney lives in Palestine
But he is very seldom seen.
You see he is so small and shy
He hides when folks are passing by.**



**They call this boy the Coati,
His name is strange, and so is he.
He laps to drink, digs with his snout.
On ground or trees he runs about.**



**The cute little dogs that live on the prairie
Were having a party and making quite merry,
When Big Dog, on watch, heard a noise and called "Hush!"
And into their holes went the guests in a rush!**



**What do you suppose is in Gray Wolf's pack
He carries so stealthily over his back?
Some chickens, a lamb and an old mother hen
He has stolen to hide away in his den.**



**His manners are so charming and his eyes so very bright,
I do believe that we might call young Fox a gallant knight;
But then when he is cunning and just a little pert,
I'm not so sure but we should call this same young fox a
flirt.**



**We just want to ask if you ever have seen a
Much dirtier boy than this little Hyena?
He has played in the street at making mud pies
Till nothing is clean save the whites of his eyes.**



**Beau coyote sings a nightly tune
To his lady fair in the big, round moon.
She smiles and throws moonbeams to him
And he serenades till her light is dim.**



**Tommie and Tillie Badger went out in the field to play.
Said Tommie: "Here, I'll teach you—put down your head
this way,
Then toss your heels into the air and give a little twirl—
You can't help turning somersaults although you are a
girl."**



**Miss Leopard Sperophilus, with her high-sounding
name,
Says just to be called "Gopher" is really a shame,
And she's right here to tell you—if this knowledge you
should lack—
She's the only one who wears the stars and stripes upon
her back.**



**Doggy barked and said: "What fun
To make that Porcupine girl run;
Girls for boys to tease were meant."—
But girls with pins are different.**



**Sir Knight Armadillo, from tail tip to nose
In armor that's sure to bring terror to foes,
Goes forth with his weapons to his battle ground,
And looks like a pineapple walking around.**



**Away in Australia the Echidna stays.
He is noted because of his strange little ways;
His claws are so sharp that in manner quite tragic,
When frightened he sinks in the ground as by magic.**



Miss Ant Eater's mouth is so dreadfully small
It scarce seems it could be a real mouth at all,
And her long, furry tail is her blanket at night,
It covers and tucks her in all snug and tight.



**This queer little Mole has a star for a nose
Just the shade of the pink in a dew-wet rose.
He lives down in the ground where 'tis always like night,
So perhaps his star nose is to twinkle for light.**

About the Author

Larry W Jones is a songwriter, having penned over 7,700 song lyrics. Published in 22 volumes of island themed, country, cowboy, western and bluegrass songs. The entire assemblage is the world's largest collection of lyrics written by an individual songwriter.

As a wrangler on the “Great American Horse Drive”, at age 68, he assisted in driving 800 half-wild horses 62 miles in two days, from Winter pasture grounds in far NW Colorado to the Big Gulch Ranch outside of Craig Colorado.

His book, “The Oldest Greenhorn”, chronicles the adventures and perils in earning the “Gate-to-Gate” trophy belt buckle the hard way.



Other short story books include:

A Squirrel Named Julie and The Fox Ridge Fox
The Painting Of A Dream
The Boy With Green Thumbs and The Wild Tree Man
Red Cloud – Chief Of the Sioux
Spotted Tail – The Orphan Negotiator
Little Crow – The Fur Trapper's Patron
Chief Gall – The Strategist
Crazy Horse – The Vision Quest Warrior
Sitting Bull - The Powder River Power
Rain-In-The-Face – The Setting Sun Brave
Two Strike – The Lakota Club Fighter
Chief American Horse – The Oglala Councilor
Chief Dull Knife – The Sharp-Witted Cheyenne
Chief Joseph – Retreat From Grande Ronde
The Oregon Trail Orphans
Kids In Bloom Volume 1
Kids In Bloom Volume 2
Kids Animal Pals Volume 1
Up and Over – A Hike In The Rockies

All his publications are available on [Lulu.com](https://lulu.com).